[illegible] SERIES.

McGUFFEY'S

ECLECTIC FIRST READER.

By Wm. H. McGUFFEY, L. L. D.

PERMANENT STEREOTYPE EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY
WINTHROP B. SMITH & CO. CINCINNATI.

UNIVERSITY
OF PITTSBURGH

PE1117
M14
1853
v.1

LIBRARY

READING AND SPELLING COURSE.

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC PRIMER,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC SPELLING BOOK,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FIRST READER,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC SECOND READER,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC THIRD READER,

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FOURTH READER,

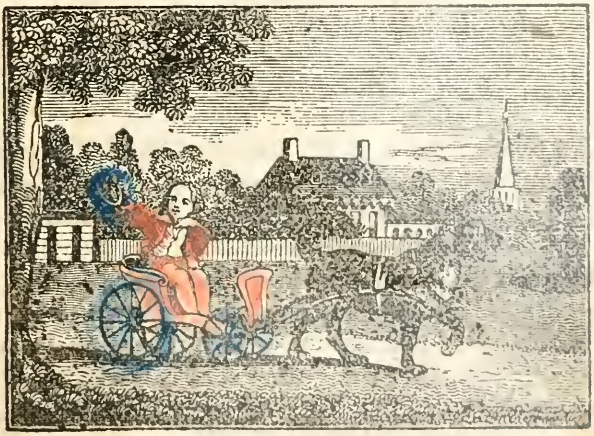
McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FIFTH READER, (RHETORICAL GUIDE.)

THE HEMANS YOUNG LADIES' READER, for Female Schools, compiled expressly for the Eclectic Educational Series. By DR. T. S. PINNEO. 480 pages, 12mo.

The best evidence of the merits of these READERS, is their unparalleled sale; which vastly exceeds that of any other similar Series ever published in the United States. And the sale is still rapidly increasing. In many places, where intelligent teachers have, for a time, introduced other Reading Books, they have soon returned to the use of McGUFFEY'S READERS; convinced that in general merits, they are unequaled by any other similar works.

☞SEE "CAUTION TO PURCHASERS," ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS VOLUME.

James Bland and his Bird.—See page 42.



Albert and his dog.—See page 68.

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

McGUFFEY'S

NEWLY REVISED

ECLECTIC FIRST READER:

CONTAINING

PROGRESSIVE LESSONS

IN

READING AND SPELLING.

Revised and Improved.

By Wm H McGUFFEY, L. L. D.

REVISED STEREOTYPE EDITION.

PUBLISHERS:
WINTHROP B. SMITH & CO., CINCINNATI.
No. 137 Walnut Street.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Three, by WINTHROP B. SMITH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Ohio.

TO TEACHERS

THIS little book is offered to the public, in the hope that it may prove a valuable auxiliary to those engaged in the instruction of children.

Great pains have been taken to select Lessons in which the language is simple, and the subjects interesting and NATURAL to childhood; as we have learned, from actual experience, that a child's progress is more rapid when the subjects are agreeable, and he can understand the terms in which they are conveyed.

The Lessons are short, and many of them composed of words of one and two syllables. Much care has been taken to render them as progressive as possible, so that the child may not meet with many expressions which are strange to his ear, and none that are above his comprehension.

The Spelling Lessons are composed of words derived from the Reading Lessons. Some of the words are repeated in the spelling list of the different lessons, and the more difficult ones, as often as they can be found. This is particularly necessary in a work of this juvenile character, where the Spelling Exercise is taken from the

Reading Lesson. In a SPELLING BOOK this would not only be unnecessary, but would be an entire waste of the space occupied. There, each lesson is independent, and can be studied as often as may be desired; but in a READING BOOK the spelling exercise is derived from the reading matter, and must include the words there found; so that some repetition, especially of the more difficult words, becomes necessary and desirable.

☞The book is now presented, thoroughly remodeled, greatly improved, and printed on new stereotype plates. The cuts, many of which are from original designs, have been engraved for the First Reader by one of the best artists in the country.

LESSON I.

can	has	the	read	John	name
her	two	that	keep	book	there
see	you	with	Jane	hand	clean
boy	how	girls	they	must	learn

Do you see that boy?
There are two girls with him.
The name of the boy is John.
Jane has a book in her hand.
They can all read from the book.
They must keep the book clean.
They must see how fast they can learn.

LESSON II.

go	bat	are	kite	fine	boys
let	run	and	will	bite	John
hit	top	him	ball	play	hand
his	dog	now	balls	here	James

The boys play with balls.

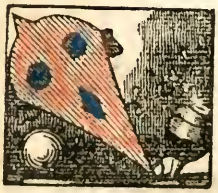
John has a bat in his hand.

I can hit the ball.

James has a fine dog.

See him run and play.

The dog will not bite.



Here are my top and kite.

And here is my ball.

Now let us go and play.

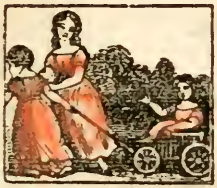
LESSON III.

on	see	you	girl	Jane
do	her	was	glad	back
up	bag	who	cart	found
the	box	with	shut	lit-tle

Here is lit-tle John.

Jane is with John.

John has a bag on his back.



Do you see this lit-tle cart?

Who is in the cart?

It is a lit-tle girl.

Jane has found her cat.

It was shut up in a box.

The cat is glad to see Jane.

LESSON IV.

as	boy	talk	hand	bird
no	run	hear	some	birds
hat	fast	they	have	bark
one	this	play	dogs	barks

This boy has a bird.

The bird is on his hand.

Some birds can talk.

The dog barks.

Do you hear the dog bark?

Boys play with dogs.

The boys run fast.

They run as fast as they can.

One of the boys has no hat.

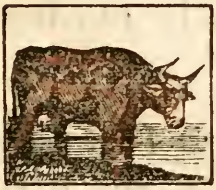
LESSON V.

it	get	her	eat	milk	picks
is	not	hen	eats	boys	gives
us	dog	you	hurt	must	chicks
the	corn	cow	pond	small	lit-tle

Here is a small dog.

He has the boy's hat.

The boys can not get it.



This cow is in the pond.

The cow gives us milk.

You must not hurt the cow.

The hen eats corn.

The hen picks up the corn.

The lit-tle chicks eat corn.

LESSON VI.

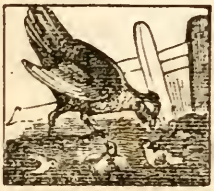
fly	rat	air	wet	men	says
lie	pat	tea	gay	may	eggs
off	pot	sun	bee	way	hens
sly	fox	rug	use	sees	sting
try	eat	rim	hay	mew	them

THE fly says, I fly in the air, if the sun is hot. If I see a boy at tea, I sit on the rim of the cup, and sip his tea. If he sees me, he may try to pat me, if he wish; but I fly off, and go up in the air; so he can not get at me. I am a gay fly.

The bee says, I fly too, if the sun is hot, and if it is not wet. I sip too, but I do not get in the tea cups. Boys do not try to pat me, for I do not go in the way, and boys can see I am of use; but if they hurt me, I will sting them.

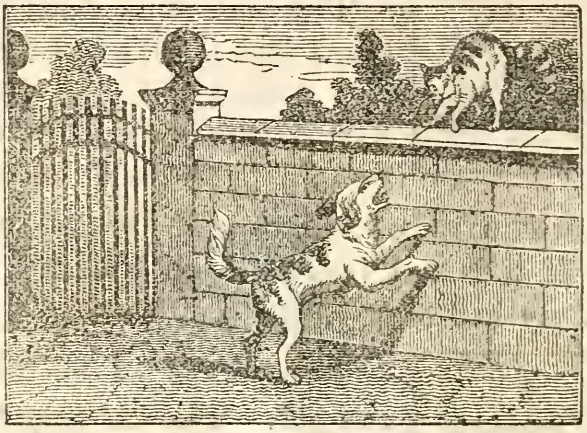
The cat says, I do not sip; I lap. I can get a rat, and I can get you, Mr. Fly, if you do not go too far up in the air. I can run, can mew, and can lie in the sun; or if it is not hot, I lie on the rug, or on my bed of hay.

The rat says, I eat all I can get. The cat may try to get me, if she wish; but I can run out of her way.



The hen says, I can fly, but not as far as the tom-tit can. I lay eggs, and so am of use to man; but the fox may get me, and so may the rats.

The fox says, I am sly, and try to eat all the old hens; but the dogs and men hear me, and try to take me; yet I am so sly, it is odd if the dogs and men can take me at all.



LESSON VII.

or	her	tail	love	pull	claws
we	she	hair	give	call	catch
got	you	wall	puss	teeth	barks
dog	will	then	milk	sharp	scratch

Do you see the cat and the dog? We call a cat, puss.

Puss has got up on the wall. The dog barks, but he can not catch her.

Puss has sharp claws, and sharp teeth; if you pull her hair or her tail, she will scratch or bite you.

Give puss some milk, then she will love you.

LESSON VIII.

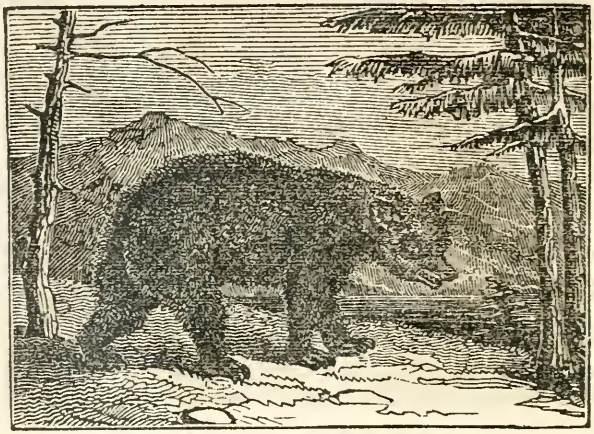
his	this	bite	keep	wants
can	four	play	moon	watch
hog	cow	kind	sheep	stands
how	dark	most	chase	shines

See how this dog stands on his feet. He wants to play with John.

A dog has four feet. A dog and a cat can see in the dark.

Dogs keep watch at night, and bark. They bark most when the moon shines.

A dog will chase a sheep, or a hog, or a cow, and bite it. If you are kind to the dog, he will not bite you.



LESSON IX.

did	tail	call	lives	strong
apt	like	tree	large	brown
den	long	cross	short	ev-er
and	bear	paws	woods	Bru-in

THE BEAR.

Did you ev-er see a bear? A bear has long, brown hair, and a short tail.

The bear has large paws. He lives in a den in the woods.

The bear can run up a tree, like puss. He is ver-y strong, and apt to be cross. We call the bear, Bru-in.

LESSON X.

an	hay	for	legs	down	black
ox	side	cart	plow	grass	white
red	lies	feet	corn	horns	works
two	eats	four	hard	draws	drinks

THE OX.

An ox has two horns. He has four legs, and four feet.

The ox draws the plow and the cart. He is strong, and works hard for man.

An ox has red, or white, or black hair. He eats grass, and hay, and corn; and drinks wa-ter.

He lies down on his side to sleep.

LESSON XI.

fix	rise	that	bow	there	dives
its	kite	stay	high	soars	string
air	hold	goes	wing	skies	square
put	with	more	make	darts	wound
new	come	home	stone	turns	ground

THE BOYS AND THE KITE.

See the boy with his new kite. Let me go and hold it up for him. Now run with the string, and then we can make it rise.

There, it dives in the air. It will come down to the ground. Now it rises and soars in the skies.

Oh, it has but one wing! it will not fly. Put a wing on the oth-er side.

There, that will do. Now let us see if it will rise.

Oh, no! it turns in the air, and darts to the ground. Let me fix a small stone to the end of its tail.

Now let us see if that will do. Oh, yes; how fast it goes up! Now the string is all wound off.

If you will stay and hold it, I will run home and get some more string.

Some kites are square, and some are round. My kite is a bow kite.

It is called a bow kite be-cause it has a round top, like a bow.

Which kind of kites do you like best? I like the bow kite.

How high the kite has gone! It is up a-bove the house. It would go up more, if we had more string.

The kite would not fly, if I did not hold the string. Oh, the string is bro-ken!

See, John! it has gone in-to the tree. Now we must get it down as well as we can.

To Teachers. — Words are *repeated* in the spelling lists, that the pupil may *frequently* spell them. This is the only way, as every *teacher* is aware, of learning this branch thoroughly.

LESSON XII.

all	day	live	rain	fret	does
too	are	lark	hear	fine	have
out	yet	sing	cage	look	small
far	sun	bird	dear	wish	seeds
why	gay	walk	kept	room	would

A WALK.

It is a fine day; let us walk out. The sun is up, but it is not too hot. I hear a bird.

Do you hear it sing? I can hear it, but I can not see it. It is a lark, and it is far off.

It does not look as large as a bee; and

yet we can hear it sing. I wish I had a lark. Why do you wish for a lark?

I wish to put it in a cage, and then I can hear it sing all day.

No, my dear, it can-not live in a cage. If you take a lark and keep it in a cage, it will die.

But I will take good care of it. I will give it some seeds to eat, and fresh wa-ter to drink.

But, my child, it will not be free, and that will make it sad.

If you were kept in a small room, you would not be so gay as you now are. You would pine and fret to get out, to run and play.

Well, then, I will walk out to hear the lark sing. I do not wish to have a lark to shut up in a cage.

Now, we have had a fine walk; but the sun is high in the air, and it is ver-y hot. It is time to go home.

Some oth-er day, when it does not rain, we will walk a-gain, and look at the pret-ty trees, and the green grass, and hear the birds sing.

LESSON XIII.

low	soil	said	what	child
yes	join	here	wean	bring
sew	nice	caps	wash	frocks
hem	frill	done	seam	la-dy
new	turn	wipe	made	up-on
may	stool	your	pains	moth-er

THE GOOD GIRL.

MOTH-ER, may I sew to-day?

Yes, my child; what do you wish to sew?

I wish to hem a frill for your cap. Is not this a new cap? I see it has no frill.

You may make a frill for me; I shall

like to wear a frill that you have made. Here is a bit of cloth which will make a nice frill. You must hem it. I will turn it down for you; but take care not to soil it.

Wash your hands, and take care to wipe them dry. Now sit down on your low stool. Now you may go on. You will see best here by my side.

You must join these two bits with a seam; and when you have done as far as this pin, bring it to me to look at.

Jane sat down upon her stool and sew-ed like a lit-tle la-dy. In a short time she said, Moth-er, I have done as far as you told me; will you look at it?

Yes, my child, it is well done; and if you take pains, as you have done to-day, you will soon sew well.

I wish to sew well, Moth-er, for then I can help you to make caps and frocks, and I hope to be of some use to you.

LESSON XIV.

fit	well	rest	gave	three	John
ate	took	sick	some	large	share
eat	read	tear	good	piece	could
dry	love	cake	folks	blind	school
new	dare	kept	what	much	James
who	sure	each	work	mates	George

LIT-TLE HEN-RY.

WELL, Hen-ry, what have you read in your new book?

I read of three boys who went to school.

What does your book say a-bout the three boys?

Each of them had a fine large cake. James ate so much that it made him sick. George kept his so long that it got dry, and was not fit to eat.

But John gave some of his cake to each of his school mates, and then took a piece him-self, and gave the rest to an old blind man.

The old man could not see to work for his food. So John gave him a share of his cake.

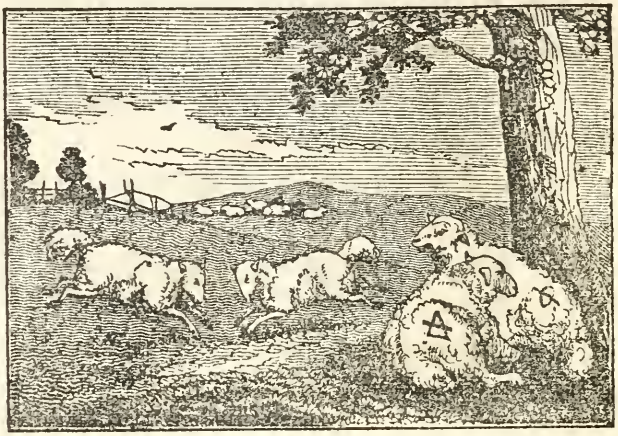
How kind John was! I love kind boys and girls.

We must be kind and good to the blind.

If we were blind, we should be glad to meet with kind folks, who would give us some thing to eat.

When I have read my book, Ann, I will lend it to you, and I will read to Jane. I dare say it is a nice one, and I am sure you will take care of it.

Aunt says, that none but a bad girl will tear or soil a book. How glad I am to have a kind aunt and a good book.



LESSON XV.

set	full	free	told	loss	flock
old	tale	coat	case	long	round
ran	spot	held	vain	near	thorns
gay	here	help	next	field	heard
one	lamb	wind	bush	bleat	young
ram	blow	warm	time	ought	a-gain

THE SHEEP AND THE LAMB.

One day, an old sheep and her young lamb were in the field with the rest of the flock. The sun was warm, and the lamb was quite gay, and full of play.

It ran here and there, up and down, round and round; but it ran most by

some bush-es, as it was a warm spot, and the wind did not blow hard there.

At last the lamb ran in-to a bush, full of thorns, and the thorns took hold of its coat of wool, and held it fast, so that it could not get a-way.

The old sheep heard it bleat, and ran to it to help it; but she pull-ed the bush in vain; she could not set her lamb free.

At last the sheep left the bush, and ran as fast as she could to an old ram with horns, that was in the next field. She told him, in her way, the sad case of her lamb.

The ram ran with her to the bush, and with the help of his horns, he and the old sheep set the lamb free, with the loss of some of its wool.

I dare say the lamb did not go near that bush a-gain for a long time.

I have told you this tale, that you may learn some-thing from it. Lit-tle boys and girls are apt to go where they ought not, and then they get hurt. I hope you will not for-get this tale a-bout the sheep and the lamb.

LESSON XVI.

lie	fair	wise	fruit	trees	cur-tain
die	cool	come	raise	thick	wash-es
out	soft	grow	clear	shade	sum-mer
day	fool	swim	roots	beats	up-ward
sea	doth	move	brook	heads	pleas-ant
noon	give	worm	praise	green	branch-es

THE COOL SHADE.

COME, let us go in-to the thick shade, for it is noon-day, and the sum-mer sun beats hot upon our heads.

The shade is pleas-ant and cool; the branch-es meet a-bove our heads, and shut out the sun, as with a green cur-tain.

The grass is soft to our feet, and the clear brook wash-es the roots of the trees.

The sheep and cows can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do bet-ter; we can praise the great God who made us.

He made the warm sun, and the cool shade; the trees that grow up-ward, and the brooks that run a-long.

The plants and trees are made to give fruit to man.

All that live get life from God. He made the poor man, as well as the rich man.

He made the dark man, as well as the fair man. He made the fool, as well as the wise man. All that move on the land are his; and so are all that fly in the air, and all that swim in the sea.

The ox and the worm are both the work of his hand. In him they live and move. He it is that doth give food to them all, and when he speaks the word, they must all die.

LESSON XVII.

too	pair	have	girls	rains	earth
eat	suit	hard	cents	shoes	should
buy	asks	kind	there	house	cheese
may	need	sends	thing	snows	friends
God	wool	much	bread	which	clothes

THE POOR OLD MAN.

JANE, there is a poor old man at the door.

He asks for some-thing to eat. We will give him some bread and cheese.

He is cold. Will you give him some clothes too?

I will give him a suit of old clothes, which will be new to him.

Poor man! I wish he had a warm house to live in, and kind friends to live with him; then he would not have to beg from door to door.

We should be kind to the poor. We may be as poor as this old man, and need as much as he.

Shall I give him some cents to buy a pair of shoes?

No; you may give him a pair of shoes.

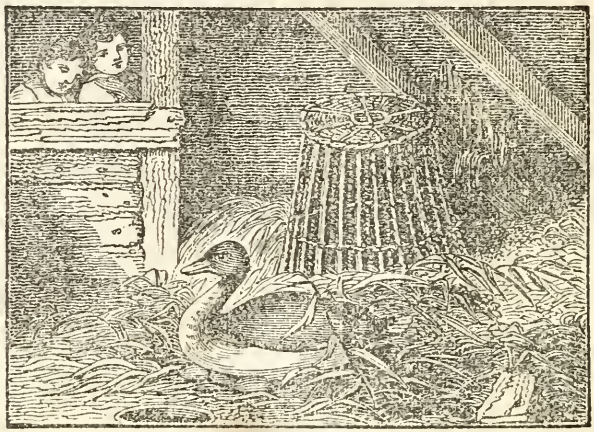
It is hard for the poor to have to beg from house to house.

Poor boys and girls some-times have to sleep out of doors all night. When it snows, they are ver-y cold, and when it rains, they get quite wet.

Who is it that gives us food to eat, and clothes to make us warm?

It is God, my child; he makes the sun to shine, and sends the rain up-on the earth, that we may have food.

God makes the wool grow up-on the lit-tle lambs, that we may have clothes to keep us warm.



LESSON XVIII.

say	sits	life	stay	shell	makes
use	seen	last	peck	their	young
you	duck	four	does	there	ver-y
now	wall	born	eggs	think	wa-ter
way	yard	lead	know	break	moth-er

THE DUCK.

HAVE you seen the duck on her nest? She sits near the wall of the yard. She has eggs in her nest, and she sits on them to keep them warm.

And what is the use of this, do you think? Why, to make them come to

life. She has been there, as you see her now, for the last ten days.

When she has kept her eggs warm in this way for four weeks, the shell of the egg will break, and the old duck will help to peck it off.

At last, out will come young live ducks; one out of each shell. Then she will have ten young ducks, for she has ten eggs in her nest.

God makes her know this; and has made her love her young so well, that she does not mind the long time she must stay on her nest, till they come out of the egg-shell.

Did you ev-er see young ducks, that had just come out from the shell?

As soon as they are born, their moth-er will lead them to the wa-ter; there they can swim, and they seem to like it ver-y much.

The ducks must love their moth-er, and do all that she would have them do. And I dare say they will do so, for God has made them know that they must.

LESSON XIX.

sits	west	pray	stars	sides	blows
saw	walk	grow	night	sweet	words
rise	wind	harm	trees	songs	should
east	moon	light	gives	speak	ri-ses

THE SUN IS UP.

See, the sun is up. The sun gives us light. It makes the trees and the grass grow.

The sun ri-ses in the east and sets in the west. When the sun ri-ses, it is day.

When the sun sets it is night.

This lit-tle boy was up at five. He saw the sun rise, and heard the sweet songs of birds on ev-er-y bush.

Do you know who made the sun?

God made it.

God made the moon and all the stars. How good God is to us! he gives us all we have, and keeps us a-live.

We should all love God, and o-bey his ho-ly will. God sees and knows all things, for God is ev-er-y where.

He sees me when I rise from my bed, and when I go out to walk and play. When I lie down to sleep at night, he keeps me from harm.

Though I do not see the wind, yet it blows round me on all sides: so God is with me on all sides, and yet I see him not.

If God is with me, and knows all that I do, he must hear what I say. O, let me not, then, speak bad words; for if I do, God will not love me. Lit-tle boys and girls should pray to God.

LESSON XX.

ill	see	sent	look	sick	does
sad	you	face	food	poor	hope
out	may	help	cake	lame	mind
act	feel	glad	done	want	jump
nor	pale	milk	kind	come	made

THE LAME MAN.

See that poor man! He is lame, and has no hat on.

Jane, will you give him John's old hat? Yes, that you will. You will be glad to help him.

We must feel for the lame, and do all we can to help them. Jane, you are a kind girl, and I love you.

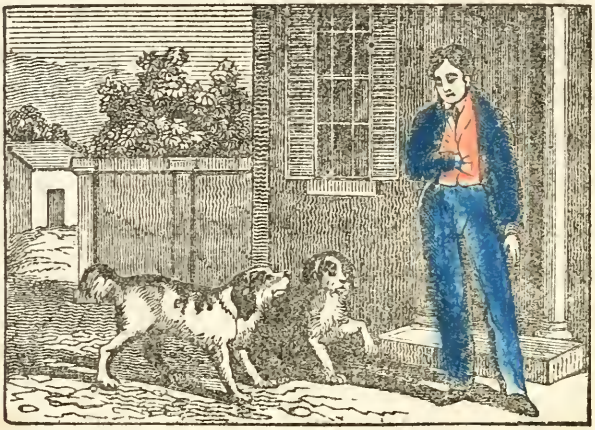
Poor old man! he is sad; he is in want. Ah! see how pale he is. He is sick. Come in, poor man, come in; we will give you a bit of cake to eat, and some milk, and Jane will give you a hat.

Look, now, at that sick boy; he is not sick for want of food. He had a cake sent to him, and was told not to eat too much of it; yet he did, and that has made him sick.

See how pale and sad his face is! If he had not done so, he need not have been ill. But now he is so sick that he can but just walk out this fine day.

He can not run, nor jump, nor play. I hope you will not act like this boy, but mind what is said, and not eat more than is good for you, that you may not look like him, nor feel sick, as he does.

What was the matter with the old man? What must we do for those who are in trouble?



LESSON XXI.

one	lift	then	each	pit-y
fed	first	pain	once	al-so
day	foot	back	been	dress
man	take	came	pray	great
saw	walk	same	arms	bound
own	town	home	warm	ground

THE LAME DOG.

One day a man went to take a walk in the town, and on his way home he saw a lit-tle dog which had hurt his leg.

The poor dog was so lame he could not lift his foot off the ground with-out great pain.

When this kind man saw there was no one to take pit-y on the poor dog, he took him in his arms, and brought him home, and bound up his leg. Then he fed him, and made a warm place, and kept him in his house for two days.

He then sent the dog out of his house, to his old home; for, as it was not his own dog, he had no right to keep him; but each day the dog came back for this kind man to dress his leg. And this he did till he was quite well.

In a few weeks the dog came back once more, and with him came a dog that was lame.

The dog that had been lame, and was now well, first gave the man a look, and then he gave the lame dog a look, as much as to say:

"You made my lame leg well, and now pray do the same for this poor dog that has come with me."

Then the kind man took care of this dog al-so, and kept him in his house till his leg was quite well, and he could go home.

LESSON XXII.

cry	best	live	stood	chair
put	road	door	sleep	might
pay	fond	meet	pains	friend
buy	cups	near	stone	bought
low	night	read	plates	would
few	slept	room	small	school
own	when	house	where	clothes

JAMES SMITH.

ANN SMITH had but one child, and his name was James. Ann was poor; but she did her best to work hard, that she might pay for her house, and buy food and clothes.

Her house was small, and stood near the road. There were two small rooms in it; one for her to sleep in, and one for her to live in. She made a bed in the room she had to live in, and in this bed she put James to sleep.

In this room she had one chair, one low stool, for James to sit on, a few cups and plates, and some oth-er things that she had bought. In the room where she slept, she had her own bed, and a box made of wood, in which she kept her clothes.

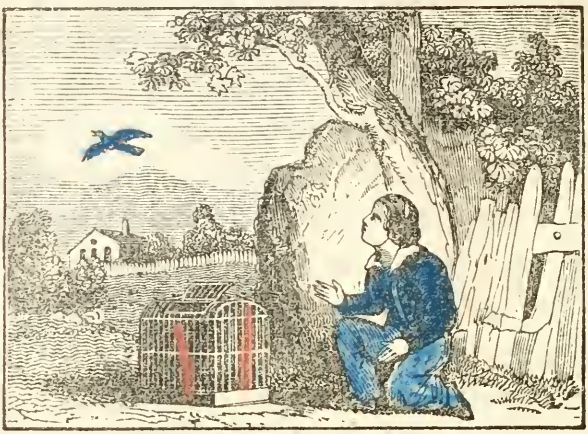
James was so fond of her, that he would run out to meet her, when she came home at night from her work; and when she left him to go out to work, he would sit on a large stone near the door of the hut, and look at her as long as he could see her, and then he would cry, and wish for her to come back to him.

James went to school; and he took so much pains that in a few months he could read. Poor Ann Smith was glad of this, for, at night, when she came home from work, James would read to her in a large book, which a kind friend had giv-en him.

Some day I will tell you what was in that book, and I think you will love to hear of it, and to read in it as James Smith did.

When James grew up, he be-came a good man, and was much lov-ed by ev-er-y one. But if he had not ta-ken pains to learn when he was a boy, this would not have been so.

Will you relate the story of James Smith and his mother?



LESSON XXIII.

ha	cold	kept	found	cru-el
try	rain	died	James	a-way
fire	none	took	young	be-gan
Ann	road	some	would	look-ed
who	poor	chirp	ground	wick-ed
flew	from	wants	thought	naught-y

THE YOUNG BIRD.

James Bland found a poor young bird on the cold ground. It was all wet, for there had been rain that day.

"Ha!" said he, "I will have a fine pet, now." So James took it home. He met his sister Ann at the door.

"Here, Ann," said he, "is a young blue-bird. I found it in the road. We will put it in a cage and keep it." Ann look-ed at it. "Poor thing," said she, "it is cold; let us take it to the fire."

So she took it, and warm-ed it. As soon as it was dry and warm, it be-gan to chirp and try to get a-way.

Ann told James that it would be cru-el to keep the bird. "See, it wants to go back to its nest. We should not like to be ta-ken from home and kept in a cage."

James thought so too; so he took the bird to the door. "There, go, poor bird," said he; and a-way it flew.

Some boys would have kept it, and per-haps it would have died. But James was a good boy, and would not be cru-el, e-ven to a bird.

I hope that no boy who reads this book, will ev-er rob a bird's nest. It is ver-y cru-el and wick-ed, and none but naught-y boys will do so.

What did James do with his bird? How should we treat birds?

LESSON XXIV.

ails	tears	smile	tight	sleeve
rose	pinks	frock	faults	taught
mine	pride	dwelt	books	change
sense	ought	bloom	meant	spo-ken
Grace	proud	praise	please	flow-er

GOOD SENSE AND PRIDE.

ANN had a new dress, of which she thought much more, than a good girl ought to have done. She was so proud of it, that she could not think of her books; and off she went to Grace, to show her new clothes.

She found Grace where her pinks grew, at the back of the house in which she dwelt. Grace ran to meet Ann with a smile, and said, "I am quite glad you are come, for my rose-bush is in bloom, and you shall have the best flow-er on it."

"Thank you," said Ann, as she look-ed at her dress; "but this sleeve hurts my arm; do you think it quite fits me?"

"I should think not, if it hurts you," said Grace, "and, if you please, you can take it off, and I will lend you one of mine while you stay."

Grace meant this as she said it. She did not think that Ann had spo-ken of the tight sleeve, on-ly that she should praise the dress.

"What ails you, Ann?" said Grace, "you look as though you could cry. If the frock hurts you, you shall not keep it on; come, let us change it."

"Oh! Grace," said Ann, as the tears fell fast from her eyes, "it is not the frock that hurts me, but my *pride*. But I will tell you all my faults, and will try to be as good and as kind as you are, for the time to come."

Ann kept her word; and though she found it a hard thing, at first, to give up her love of dress, yet *good sense*, at last taught her that the sure way to be hap-py was to be good.

How did Ann feel about her new dress? What was it that made her weep? What is the sure way to be happy?

LESSON XXV.

all	pig	will	safe	giv-en
rub	pen	pail	slate	Bet-ty
two	tall	nose	eggs	read-y
arm	four	long	have	fa-ther
new	what	maid	drawn	ci-pher
now	want	draw	bought	pict-ures

THE NEW SLATE.

HERE is a lit-tle boy who had a new slate giv-en him. It was bought for him by his fa-ther, that he might learn to ci-pher. One day he made some pict-ures on his slate.

Look here, Charles, I have drawn a boy on my new slate. See what a long nose he has! Ah! he has but one arm.

Now I will draw a milk-maid, with her pail.

There, I have drawn a pig, and a hen, and a duck. Why, the pig has but two legs, and the duck has four. Well, I can rub out two of the duck's legs, and give them to the pig.

There, now I will draw a man, with a whip in his hand. The man has come to put the pig in the pen.

Why, the man is not as tall as the pig. I must rub them all out, for they are not well done.

There, I have a boy, with a nest full of eggs in his hand. He is a bad boy to take a poor bird's nest.

And here is Bet-ty, the maid; she has come to take me to bed. Well, if it is time, I must go. Put my slate by, that I may have it safe when next I want to draw. Thank you, Bet-ty. Well, now I am read-y.

LESSON XXVI.

sat	that	loud	their	a-fraid
felt	cage	went	great	dan-ger
fast	roar	with	chain	slow-ly
post	seen	whip	struck	walk-ed
wild	said	were	which	play-mates
show	they	cross	li-ons	el-e-phants

THE WILD BEASTS.

JAMES and George had been good boys at school all the week. They had been kind and mild to their play-mates, and their fa-ther said he would take them to the show.

They saw there a great ma-ny wild beasts in ca-ges, and some with a chain round one leg, made fast to a post.

There were li-ons, and ti-gers, and el-e-phants. The boys walk-ed round slow-ly, look-ing at ev-er-y thing. They felt a lit-tle a-fraid of some of the beasts, but were much pleas-ed with most that they saw.

The show-man went in-to the cage with the li-on, and James and George said they were a-fraid. But a man, who sat near them, told them there was no dan-ger. The show-man struck the li-on with a whip, which made the li-on roar ver-y loud, and look cross, but he did not hurt the man.

James said, "I wish the man would come out; I do not like to see him in the cage. That big li-on might eat him up, and then I should be sor-ry." James was a good boy, and did not like to see any one hurt.

Aft-er they had seen the show, their kind fa-ther took them to the book-store, and bought each of them a new book.

LESSON XXVII.

died	goat	work	heard	o-pen
was	gate	noise	taught	ta-ken
care	took	could	strange	Ma-ry
babe	grew	know	thought	na-med
arms	large	where	go-ing	per-son

MR. POST.

One cold night, aft-er old Mr. Post had gone to bed, he heard a noise at the door. So he got up, and went out.

And what do you think he found? A dog? No. A goat? No: he found a lit-tle babe on the steps.

Some bad per-son had left it there, and if Mr. Post had not ta-ken it in-to the house, it might have died with cold.

He held it to the fire un-til it was warm, and then took it in his arms, and went to bed. How kind old Mr. Post was. He did not know what to do with the lit-tle babe, but he could not let it die.

When Mr. Post's lit-tle friends came to see him the next day, they thought it ver-y strange to see him have a lit-tle babe with him. He told them where he found the babe, and they all said that they would bring it milk, and some-times come and help him to take care of it.

The lit-tle girl was na-med Ma-ry, and was soon ver-y fond of Mr. Post, and call-ed him fa-ther. In a short time she grew so large that she could run out and o-pen the gate for her fa-ther, when he was go-ing out.

Mr. Post taught her to read, and at night, Ma-ry would read the Bi-ble to her fa-ther; and when Mr. Post was so old that he could not work, Ma-ry took care of him.

LESSON XXVIII.

let	still	folks	be-gin
joy	hills	these	nev-er
tell	bark	scent	mas-ter
live	hunt	smell	ap-pear
you	noise	please	care-ful
way	teach	means	chil-dren
tops	mouse	known	snow-drifts

THE STO-RY TELL-ER.

PE-TER PIN-DAR was a great sto-ry tell-er. This is known to all chil-dren who have read his books. One day as he was go-ing by the school, the chil-

dren came a-round him, and they all wish-ed him to tell them a new sto-ry.

"Well," says Pe-ter, "I love to please good chil-dren; and as you all ap-pear kind and civ-il, I will tell you a sto-ry which you have nev-er heard. But be-fore we be-gin, let us go and sit down in a cool, sha-dy place.

And now, mas-ter John, you must be as still as a lit-tle mouse. And Ma-ry, you must be care-ful not to let Tow-ser bark and make a noise.

A long way from this place, in a land where it is ver-y cold, and where much snow falls, and where the hills are so high that their tops ap-pear to reach to the sky, there live some men, whose joy it is to help folks who cross these hills.

These men keep large dogs, which they teach to go out and hunt for per-sons who may be lost in the snow-drifts.

The dogs have so fine a scent or smell, that they can find folks by means of it, e-ven when it is too dark to see, or when the folks they go out to hunt for, lie hid in the deep snow-drifts.

LESSON XXIX.

fell	coat	hair	stiff	good
lain	rode	mean	close	shrill
star	hour	drew	child	could
seen	walk	quite	snow	heard
blew	weak	arms	might	length

PE-TER PIN-DAR'S STO-RY.

ONE sad cold night, when the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill, and it was quite dark, with not a star to be seen in the sky, these good men sent out a dog to hunt for those who might want help.

In an hour or two the dog was heard at the gate; and, on look-ing out, they saw the dog there, with a boy on his back.

The poor child was stiff with cold, and could but just hold on to the dog's back.

He told the men that he had lain a long time in the snow, and was too ill and weak to walk, and the snow fell fast on him. At length, he felt some-thing pull him by the coat, and then he heard the bark of a dog close to him.

The boy then put out his hand, and he felt the hair of the dog; and then the dog gave him one more pull. This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog, and drew him-self out of the snow; but he felt that he could not stand or walk.

He then got up-on the dog's back, and put his arms round the dog's neck, and thus he held on. He felt sure the dog did not mean to hurt him; and thus he rode on the dog's back, all the way to the good men's house, who took care of the boy till the snow was gone, when they sent him to his own home.

LESSON XXX.

tea	keep	rest	trots	mon-ey
how	dead	once	since	fear-ed
does	stick	dear	guess	in-deed
neat	want	hard	should	earn-ed
seem	looks	work	thought	e-nough

THE SON'S RE-TURN.

How glad that old wo-man looks! Can you guess what it is that has made her so glad and smi-ling!

She trots a-long, and does not seem to want her stick to help her. I am sure she has heard some-thing to please

her ver-y much in-deed. What can it be? Her dear son John, who has been in Spain for so long a time, has come home at last.

Poor wo-man! she fear-ed she should nev-er see him more; for it was so long since she had heard from him, that she thought he must be dead. Think how hap-py she must be to see him once more! It was but last night that he came back.

She had been hard at work all day, and just made her room neat aft-er tea, and had sat down to spin, when he came in-to her room, and told her that he had come home to live with her, and to take care of her.

He said she nev-er more should want for a-ny thing, for he had earn-ed mon-ey e-nough to keep her all the rest of her life.

Well, may she be hap-py, and thank God for giv-ing her so good and kind a son, and for bring-ing him safe home to her once more.

What pleased the old woman so much? What did her son tell her? Whom should we thank for all our blessings?

LESSON XXXI.

dirt	near	tries	beak	hemp
seed	tear	shelf	wash	know
spill	bird	harm	clean	wires
peep	mice	claws	tease	pecks

THE CAT AND BIRD.

Do not let the cat go near the bird; she will tear him with her claws, and eat him up.

She may go and catch the mice, for they do us harm and eat our food; but she must not get our poor bird, for the bird sings to us, and lets us know when it is time to rise.

The bird sings as soon as it is day, at the first peep of light. This bird has no seed in his box. Give him some hemp-seed; it is in the bag, on the high shelf. Do not spill it on the floor.

May I put this bit of sweet cake in the wires of his cage? He is like me; he is fond of sweet cake. See how he pecks at it!

Now he goes to drink at the glass, and to wash the dirt off his beak. See! you may learn e-ven from a poor lit-tle bird, that it is right to be neat and clean.

LESSON XXXII.

BE CARE-FUL IN PLAY.

In your play be ver-y care-ful
Not to give each oth-er pain;
And if oth-ers hurt, or tease you,
Nev-er do the like to them.

God will love the child that's gen-tle,
And who tries to do no wrong;
You must learn then to be care-ful,
Now while you are ver-y young.

LESSON XXXIII.

say	nest	come	in-to	car-ry
old	gone	them	hap-py	go-ing
kill	hand	what	win-ter	sea-son
nor	birds	warm	wan-der	care-ful
dare	their	could	wick-ed	par-ents

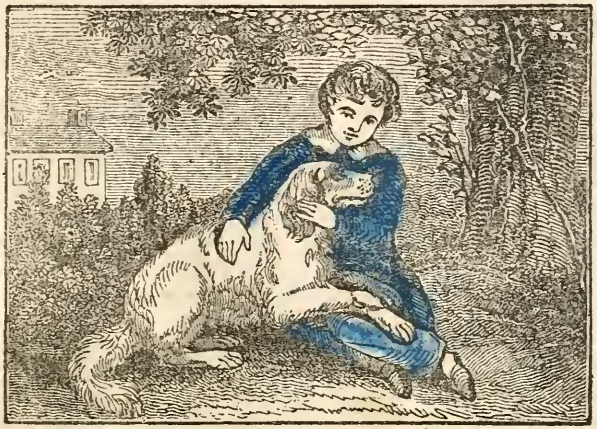
THE NEST OF YOUNG BIRDS.

WIN-TER is now gone, and the warm sea-son is come. See! what has that boy in his hand? It is a nest of young birds.

I won-der what he is go-ing to do with them. I hope he will not kill them: poor lit-tle birds! what a wick-ed boy, to take them from their par-ents!

I dare say he will be care-ful of them, and put them in-to a cage and feed them; but he can not take as good care of them, nor feed them so well as the old bird can.

Now he has put the nest on the ground, and has gone to his work and left them; the old birds can now come and feed them. Oh! I am so hap-py! I wish they could car-ry them back; but they can not.



LESSON XXXIV.

wags	beat	ver-y	pret-ti-ly
what	know	fel-low	when-ev-er

THE LIT-TLE DOG.

I LIKE to see a lit-tle dog,
And pat him on the head;
So pret-ti-ly he wags his tail,
When-ev-er he is fed.

Some lit-tle dogs are ver-y good,
And ver-y use-ful too;
And do you know that they will mind
What they are bid to do?

Then I will nev-er beat my dog,
And nev-er give him pain;
Poor fel-low! I will give him food,
And he will love me then.

LESSON XXXV.

hurt	neck	flies	laugh	act-ed
both	catch	threw	heard	vex-ed
week	three	wrong	wings	pull-ed
head	years	string	young	kit-tens
hung	round	friend	George	con-duct

THE CRU-EL BOY.

GEORGE CRAFT is a ver-y cru-el boy. He is but six years old, and yet he is ver-y wick-ed.

George's moth-er had a cat, which she kept in the house to catch rats and mice.

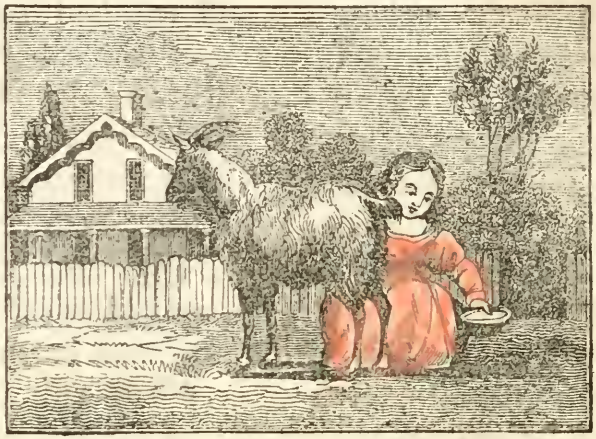
The old cat had three lit-tle kit-tens, which she lov-ed ver-y much.

One day when the old cat had gone for food, George took one of the kit-tens and tied a string round its neck. He then took the kit-ten to the riv-er, and tied a stone to the string, and threw it in-to the wa-ter.

George will al-so catch flies, and pull off their wings and legs, and then laugh to see their pain. The dog and cat are both a-fraid of George, and will run and hide when they see him. One day, last week, a young friend of his came to see him, and was ver-y much vex-ed at his con-duct.

He ask-ed George, how he would like to have his legs and arms pull-ed off. George hung his head. "Why," said he, "flies can not feel much." His friend told him, that he had heard men say, that ev-er-y thing that could move, could feel; and that it was wrong in a-ny one to hurt or kill them.

George felt ver-y sor-ry when he heard his young friend tell him how bad-ly he had act-ed, and I hope he will not do so a-ny more.



LESSON XXXVI.

kid	next	field	great	al-most
was	yard	drink	times	moth-er
Tom	dead	drank	straw	learn-ed
laid	side	leave	hearth	warm-ed
play	flock	goats	whose	car-ri-ed

MA-RY AND HER KID.

A LIT-TLE girl who liv-ed in a place where there are a great ma-ny goats, took a walk one day, and found a lit-tle kid.

The old goat, the moth-er of the lit-tle kid, had left it, and it was al-most dead.

Ma-ry felt sor-ry for the poor lit-tle thing; so she took it up in her arms,

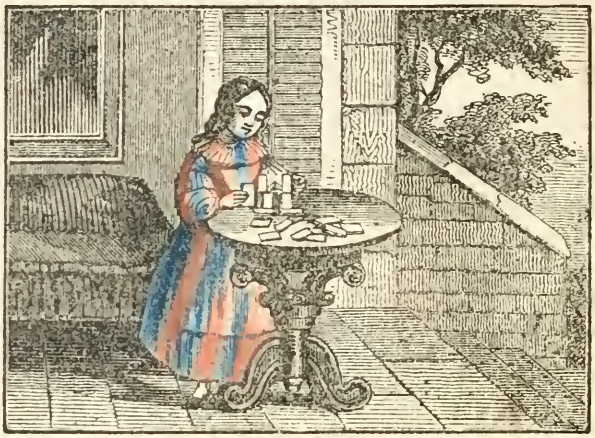
and car-ri-ed it home with her. Her moth-er gave her leave to keep the kid for her own. Ma-ry got some clean straw, and laid it on the warm hearth for a bed for the kid. She warm-ed some milk and held it to him to drink.

The kid drank it, and then lay down and took a fine nap. The next day Ma-ry nam-ed her kid Tom. Tom soon learn-ed to fol-low Ma-ry a-bout the house, and trot by her side in-to the yard. He would run ra-ces with her in the field; feed out of her hand, and was a great pet at all times.

One fine warm day, aft-er Ma-ry had done her morn-ing's work, she went out to play with her kid; she look-ed a-bout the house door, and could not see Tom; she then ran to the field, and call-ed, "Tom! Tom!"

But Tom had found a flock of goats, and was play-ing with them; he lov-ed to stay with them bet-ter than with Ma-ry. Ma-ry went home cry-ing, and it was a long time be-fore she for-got lit-tle Tom.

What did Mary do with the kid? What became of it?



LESSON XXXVII.

last	trick	plate	quite	un-til
five	taste	glass	haste	liq-uid
skin	cause	found	tricks	with-out
pain	years	break	mouth	al-though
ways	would	throat	though	some-thing
knew	wrong	where	thought	what-ev-er

JANE BROWN.

JANE BROWN was five years old. Jane had a bad trick, which she at last got rid of, but not un-til it had been the cause of great pain to her.

She would taste of ev-er-y thing she

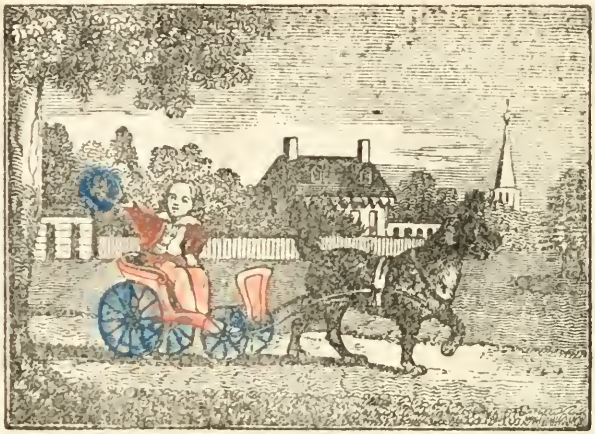
thought might be good to eat. She was told not to do so; but still she would, al-though she knew it was wrong.

If she saw a cup or a glass with some-thing to drink in it, she would take a sip of it: if she found a plate, she would bite or break a part of what-ev-er was on it: and though she did not find them all nice, yet she still went on in her bad ways.

She one day came in-to a room where she saw a glass with some-thing in it, which she took to be wine. She took a sip in great haste, for fear some one would see her.

As soon as she had drank it she cried out in great pain, for the liq-uid in the glass was not fit to drink, and it took all the skin off her lips, and her mouth, and her throat.

She could not eat or drink with-out great pain, for more than a week. She grew thin, and pale, and weak, and was quite ill. All this led her to think how wrong she had done, and that it all came from her own bad tricks.



LESSON XXXVIII.

ho	size	large	on-ly	oth-er
jee	turn	know	shafts	bush-y
gig	care	takes	where	Al-bert
tail	calls	horse	drives	wag-on
haw	right	hitch	streets	wish-ed
back	curls	black	wheels	har-ness
goes	Dash	laugh	taught	wan-ted

AL-BERT AND HIS DOG.

Do you know Al-bert Ross? He has a large dog, and he calls him Dash. Dash is ver-y black, and has a long bush-y tail, which he curls up ov-er his back.

Dash is fond of Al-bert, and goes with him in the streets, and keeps off all oth-er dogs, and drives a-way the hogs, and takes good care that Al-bert is not hurt.

But you will laugh when I tell you that Al-bert calls Dash his "Horse," for he does not *look* at all like a horse; but Al-bert has taught him to *act* like one. He has a lit-tle wag-on with four wheels, and shafts like the shafts of a gig; and a lit-tle set of har-ness, just the size to fit Dash.

Ma-ny a time I have seen Al-bert hitch Dash to the lit-tle wag-on, and then get in; and Dash would trot off with him, and go just where Al-bert wish-ed.

Al-bert would say, "Jee, Dash!" and Dash would go to the right. Then Al-bert would say, "Haw, Dash!" and the dog would turn to the left. When he want-ed Dash to stop, he had on-ly to say, "Ho!" and then Al-bert could get out of the wag-on. Is not Dash a fine dog?

LESSON XXXIX.

all	blue	flies	shines	spark-le
off	lane	song	smoke	flow-ers
air	once	Ruth	blades	moth-er
out	aunt	point	a-ble	won-der
dew	soon	warm	bon-net	stand-ing

THE MORN-ING WALK.

COME, John, let us take a walk this fine morn-ing, while the air is still cool. Jane may go with us, if she wish-es. Get your hat, and tell Jane to put on her bon-net, and we will be off at once.

The sun is out so warm; and the wind is so soft; and the sky is so blue; and

there is so sweet a smell from the flow-ers; and the song of the birds is so gay, that I long to be out of doors and be gay too.

The flies and the bees are all on the wing; and the lark flies high in the air, and sings as he goes up. Do you see him? I can hear his song, but he is so high that I can not see him.

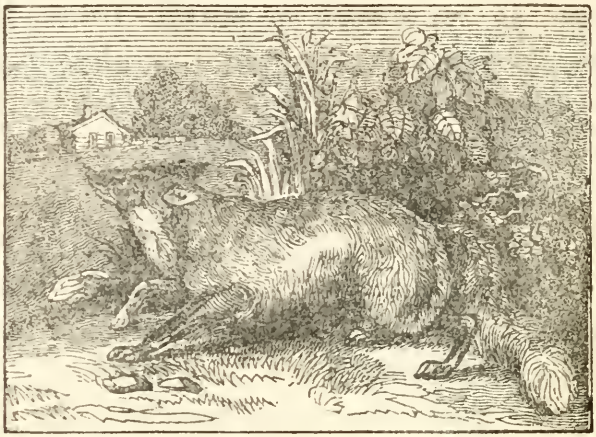
How the dew-drops spark-le on the blades of grass, as the sun shines on them! Do not go off the grav-el walk, or you will get your feet wet.

As soon as we get to the end of the lane, you will be a-ble to see aunt Ruth's house. I won-der if aunt Ruth is up yet. We will go and see. Do not run so fast, or you will fall.

Now if you will look the way I point, you can see aunt Ruth's house. Do you think she is up, my son?

Yes, moth-er, for I see the blue smoke curl-ing o-ver the house.

Ah! there is aunt; she is stand-ing in the door. How glad she will be to see us!



LESSON XL.

fox	live	holes	bod-y
nose	hide	geese	sharp-er
ears	have	woods	chick-ens
farm	catch	shape	them-selves

THE FOX.

THE fox is like a dog in the shape of his bod-y; but his nose is sharp-er than the nose of a dog; and his ears stand up like the ears of a cat. Fox-es live in the woods, and have holes, in which they hide them-selves.

A fox will eat chick-ens and geese from a farm yard, if he can catch them.

LESSON XLI.

eye	like	light	world	a-sleep
are	star	show	sound	won-der
sky	dark	when	which	win-dow
dew	peep	spark	nev-er	twin-kle

THE LIT-TLE STAR.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,
How I won-der what you are;
Up a-bove the world so high,
Like a dia-mond in the sky.

When the bla-zing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your lit-tle light:
Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night!

Then if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark:
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twin-kle so.

And when I am sound a-sleep,
Oft you through my win-dow peep,
For you nev-er shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

LESSON XLII.

cry .	five	pluck	ea-sy
apt	girls	touch	tir-ed
toss	right	think	sor-ry
tore	years	point	col-ors
sore	nurse	fields	ev-er-y
was	threw	thorn	want-ed
most	hedge	please	learn-ed
harm	Ralph	scream	bright-ly
know	wrong	brought	snatch-ed

STO-RY A-BOUT RALPH WICK.

RALPH WICK was five years old; and in most things he was a fine boy. But he was too apt to cry when he could not have his own way.

This was wrong. All good boys and girls know, that they should take what their kind friends see fit to give them, and be glad to get it.

But Ralph did not think of this. All he thought of, was, to get what he want-ed to have. If he was told that it was not right for him to have it, or that it would do him harm, he would

say, "I *will* have it." And then, if he did not get it, he was sure to cry.

One day he went with his nurse in-to the fields. The sun shone bright-ly; the grass was cut; the plants in bloom were of all co-lors; and Ralph thought he was, for once, a good boy. A smile was on his face, and he felt a wish to do as he was told.

So he said, "Nurse, I will be good now, and do as you bid me; now please help me to toss this hay."

"That I will," said the nurse; and they threw the hay as Ralph wish-ed, till he said he was tir-ed, and must sit down and rest.

"You have been so good a boy," said the nurse, "that if you will sit here, I will go to the hedge, and get a nice red rose for you."

"I should like ver-y much to have one," said Ralph, "and if you will get it for me, I will not move till you come back."

The nurse soon brought the rose, and gave it to him. "Thank you, my kind

nurse," said he, "I like this sweet red rose. But I see you have a *white* one, too; pray give that to me."

The nurse said, "no, my dear; I on-ly brought this white rose, to show you how ma-ny thorns it has on its stem. You must take care not to touch one of this kind. If you should try to pluck a white rose like this, you would be sure to hurt your hand."

Now what do you think Ralph did? I will tell you. He found it ver-y ea-sy to be good when he had ev-er-y thing he want-ed. But as soon as the nurse told him he must not have the white rose, he be-gan to scream, and snatch-ed it.

But he was soon ver-y sor-ry for what he had done. The thorns on the stem of the rose tore the skin of his hand, and it was sore for a long time.

Aft-er this, when he want-ed what it was not best for him to have, his nurse would point to his sore hand; and Ralph at last learn-ed to do as he was told, and be-came a much bet-ter and hap-pi-er boy.

LESSON XLIII.

will	some	quite	ver-y
deal	looks	large	pa-pa
high	sight	world	lar-ger
walk	moon	clouds	pret-ty
gone	small	bright	bon-net

THE WALK.

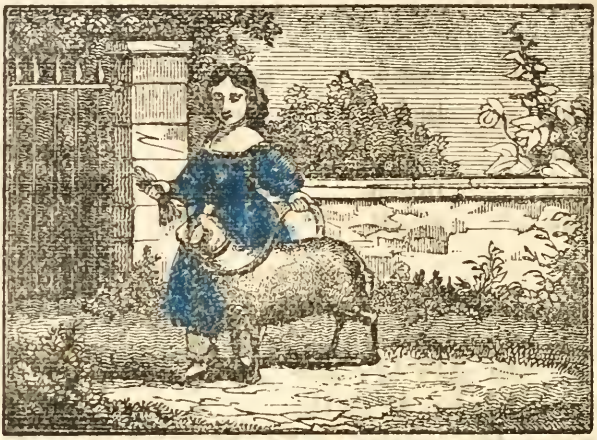
Come, Ma-ry, get your bon-net, and we will take a walk.

See, the sun is in the west. It is go-ing to set. How large it looks. We may look at it now. It is not so bright now, as when it was up high in the sky. It will soon be out of sight. Now it is quite gone.

How red the clouds are. We can see the moon and all the pret-ty stars, when the sun sets. The moon is not so bright as the sun.

See the pret-ty bright stars. Some of the stars are as large as the world. But they are so far off, that they look small.

Pa-pa, is the sun as large as the world? Yes, my child, and a great deal larg-er, but it is ver-y far off, and thus seems small.



LESSON XLIV.

laid	lamb	where	fol-low
rule	what	fleece	ev-er-y
that	harm	school	wait-ed
love	made	ea-ger	ap-pear
sure	snow	Ma-ry	a-gainst
bind	white	gen-tle	an-i-mal
near	laugh	a-fraid	ling-er-ed
went	makes	teach-er	pa-tient-ly

MA-RY'S LAMB.

MA-RY had a lit-tle lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And ev-er-y where that Ma-ry went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He went with her to school one day;
That was a-gainst the rule;
It made the chil-dren laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teach-er turn-ed him out,
But still he ling-er-ed near,
And wait-ed pa-tient-ly a-bout,
Till Ma-ry did ap-pear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head up-on her arm,
As if he said; I'm not a-fraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Ma-ry so?"
The ea-ger chil-dren cry;
"O Ma-ry loves the lamb, you know,"
The teach-er did re-ply.

"And you, each gen-tle an-i-mal
To you, for life, may bind,
And make it fol-low at your call,
If you are al-ways *kind*."

LESSON XLV.

left	colt	field	o-bey
ride	rate	cross	un-til
stop	door	fence	gen-tle
told	neck	crept	be-fore
hurt	tame	great	kiss-ed
stay	much	street	kick-ed
soon	down	would	par-ents
once	knew	threw	be-cause
Holt	thought	Pe-ter	car-riage

PE-TER HOLT.

PE-TER HOLT was left at home one day by his par-ents, when they went out to take a ride.

His moth-er told him to stay in the house un-til she came back. "Be ver-y sure that you do not go out a-mong the hors-es," said she, "they may hurt you."

Pe-ter said he would do as he was bid. So his moth-er kiss-ed him and start-ed. He was soon ver-y tir-ed of stay-ing in the house; so he went to the door, and soon aft-er ran down in-to the lot, to look at a lit-tle colt, which his fa-ther had giv-en him.

It was ver-y tame, so he put his hand on its neck, and then on its head. At last he thought it was so tame and gen-tle that he would ride it. He led it to the fence and jump-ed on its back.

The colt had nev-er be-fore felt a-ny thing on his back, and was ver-y much a-larm-ed. It put down its head and ran off at a great rate, and, at last, kick-ed up its hind feet, and threw Pe-ter over its head.

Pe-ter was ver-y much hurt, but he crept home as well as he could. If he had been so bad-ly hurt as not to be a-ble to get home, he might have died in the field be-fore his moth-er came home.

Lit-tle chil-dren may learn from this, that they should al-ways o-bey their par-ents. How ma-ny lit-tle girls and boys have been hurt, be-cause they did not do as they were bid!

I once knew of a lit-tle girl who was told not to cross the street be-fore a car-riage. But she would not stop; and when the car-riage came up, it ran di-rect-ly o-ver her.

LESSON XLVI.

talk	loaf	droll	stood	bo-som
coal	year	room	grave	nurs-ed
cold	were	lamp	straw	gar-den
snug	bless	hymn	a-bout	earn-ed
work	grew	bread	clothes	mead-ow
weak	weed	knock	ex-cept	to-geth-er

THE GOOD OLD MAN.

THERE once liv-ed an old man in a snug lit-tle cot-tage. It had but one room, and one win-dow; and a small gar-den with a neat white fence, lay just be-hind the cot-tage.

Old as the poor man was, he u-sed to

work in the fields; and he would come home at night ver-y tir-ed and weak, with his tools on his shoul-der, and his hard earn-ed loaf of bread, tied up in a bag.

And who do you think u-sed to meet him at the door? His two lit-tle grand-chil-dren, Ma-ry and Jane. They were too young to work, ex-cept to weed in the gar-den, or bring wa-ter from the spring, or pick up small stones in the mead-ow.

In win-ter, when it was cold, they had no lamp, and as they were too poor to buy much wood or coal, they had ver-y lit-tle fire. So they u-sed to sit ver-y close to-geth-er, to keep warm: Ma-ry on one of the old man's knees, and Jane on the oth-er.

Some-times this good old man would tell them a droll sto-ry; and some-times he would teach them a hymn, or talk to them a-bout their fa-ther, who had gone to sea, or a-bout their good, kind moth-er, who was in her grave.

And then they would rest on the old

man's bo-som, while he pray-ed God to bless them, and bring back their fa-ther safe. Aft-er this, they would lie down on their straw bed, and sleep sweet-ly.

Ev-er-y year the old man grew weak-er, and less a-ble to work. But then the lit-tle girls were grow-ing strong-er ev-er-y day, and were a-ble to give him more help. How glad they were to work for *him*, who had been so good to *them!* So they got on pret-ty well; for four *young* hands could do more than two *old* ones.

One cold wind-y night, as they were get-ting read-y to go to bed, they heard a knock at the door. The lit-tle girls ran and o-pen-ed it. Oh joy! There stood the fa-ther of lit-tle Ma-ry and Jane. He had been to sea for a long time; but had, at last, sa-ved some mon-ey, and had come home to live with them.

Aft-er this, the old man did not work a-ny more. His son work-ed for him, and his grand-chil-dren nurs-ed him, and they all lov-ed him. And ma-ny hap-py days and nights did they spend to-geth-er be-fore the old man died.

LESSON XLVII.

fail	close	trust	food	health
else	learn	sleep	gifts	friends
good	those	drink	shame	clothes
ways	harm	thank	young	strength

E-VEN-ING PRAY-ER.

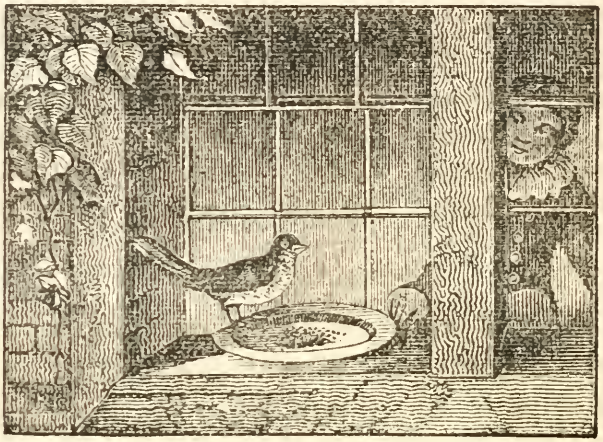
At the close of the day, be-fore you go to sleep, you should not fail to pray to God to keep you from sin and from harm.

You ask your friends for food, and drink, and books, and clothes; and when they give you these things, you thank them, and love them for the good they do you.

So you should ask your God for those things which he can give you, and which no one else can give you.

You should ask him for life, and health, and strength; and you should pray to him to keep your feet from the way of sin and shame.

You should thank him for all his good gifts; and learn, while young, to put your trust in him.



LESSON XLVIII.

odd	built	think	aft-er	rob-in
just	plate	hatch	search	load-ed
pick	years	crums	choose	wag-on
bold	while	where	though	dis-tant
these	wheel	chance	brush-ed	per-haps

THE ROB-IN.

See that pret-ty rob-in! You may take your plate, and put all the crums of bread that are left on the ta-ble on it, and put it on the out-side of the win-dow; you will see how he will pick them up, for he is ver-y hun-gry.

Now while he eats, I will tell you

what your fa-ther and I once saw of bold, or tame rob-ins.

Some years a-go, one of the men that work on the farm, came to tell your fa-ther that a rob-in had built her nest—where do you think? It was on the wag-on! Was it not an odd place for her to choose?

Fa-ther and I went out to see it; and there, on the out-side of that part of the wag-on, which is call-ed the *bed*, just o-ver the hind wheel, was a lit-tle rob-in's nest, and it had four eggs in it.

The man told us that the poor bird sat on her eggs in this odd place, and had not left it, though the wag-on had been sent to a dis-tant place for wood.

The wag-on had just come back, load-ed with wood, when we saw it, but the bird was not there then. She had gone off—per-haps in search of food.

Poor thing! her nest was not left for her to hatch her eggs; for soon aft-er we saw it, it was, by some chance, brush-ed off, and then the bird flew a-way.

LESSON XLIX.

days	digs	firm	ask-ed
stick	brick	roots	cel-lar
make	build	stand	fel-low
Main	blown	plants	show-ed
week	square	ground	watch-ed

LEARN SOME-THING EV-ER-Y DAY.

As Hen-ry Da-vis was go-ing down Main street last week, he saw some men dig-ging a square hole in the ground. He did not know what it could be for; so he ask-ed one of the men.

"Why, my lit-tle fel-low," said the man, "we are go-ing to build a house."

"Build a house down in a hole in the ground?" cri-ed Hen-ry. "I think that is ver-y strange. It will be so dark, that I am sure I should not like to live in it."

"Come a-gain some oth-er day," said the man, "and you will see."

A few days aft-er that, Hen-ry went back, and found that the men had built a stone wall all a-round the hole, and were now ma-king a brick wall a-bove the stone wall.

"Oh! oh!" says Hen-ry, "I see, aft-er all, you are go-ing to build your house like oth-er hous-es, and I think I know why you be-gin so low down."

"Well, tell us, if you know," said the man.

"When fa-ther plants a tree," Hen-ry said, "he digs a hole, and puts the roots deep in the ground, that the tree may stand firm, and not be blown down by the wind."

"So the stone walls are the roots of the house; and now I see that if you had not dug that hole, you would not have had a-ny cel-lar. I was ver-y sil-ly, or I should have thought of that at first."

Hen-ry hav-ing found out that he did not know *ev-er-y* thing a-bout build-ing a house, stood a good while, and watch-ed the ma-son lay-ing bricks. When he went home that day, he had a great ma-ny things to tell his sis-ters.

He show-ed them the way the bricks were pla-ced, to make a wall; and told them a-bout the mor-tar which the ma-sons u-sed to make the bricks stick fast.

LESSON L.

fire	fine	lives	use-ful
lane	last	right	sis-ters
hear	they	night	can-dle
than	poor	dress	play-ed
were	book	there	sew-ing
more	blind	bu-sy	chap-ter
hums	doubt	cous-in	bright-er
know	wheel	sweet-er	pleas-ant

THE FIRE-SIDE.

One win-ter's night, James was read-ing to his moth-er, and sis-ters, as they sat by a fine fire. The lit-tle girls were sew-ing, and their moth-er was bu-sy at her wheel.

At last James fin-ish-ed the chap-ter, and Em-ma, look-ing up, said, "Moth-er, I think your wheel hums ver-y sweet-ly to-night."

"And it seems to me," said Ma-ry, "as if the fire was bright-er than u-su-al. How I love to hear it crack-le!"

"And I was just go-ing to say," cri-ed James, "that this is a bet-ter can-dle than we had last night."

"My dears," said their moth-er, "I have no doubt that you feel more than u-su-al-ly hap-py to-night; and per-haps *that* is the rea-son why you think the hum of the wheel sweet-er, the fire bet-ter, and the can-dle-light bright-er than they were last night."

"But, moth-er," said Ma-ry, "I don't see why we are hap-pi-er *now*, than we were last night. For last night cous-in Jane was here, and we play-ed "*Puss in the cor-ner*," and "*Blind man*," un-til we were all tir-ed."

"*I* know! *I* know!" shout-ed James. "It is be-cause we have been do-ing some-thing *use-ful* to-night. Ma-ry, you and Em-ma have been ma-king a dress for the poor wo-man who lives at the end of the lane; and I have been read-ing a good book. We all feel hap-py, be-cause we have been bu-sy."

"You are right, my son," their moth-er said; "and I am glad you have all learn-ed that there is some-thing more pleas-ant than play, and, at the same time, much more in-struct-ing."

LESSON LI.

sail	ship	beach	la-bor	vil-lage
each	their	might	bro-ken	joy-ous
gold	shore	grand	sigh-ed	strain-ed
view	crew	hearts	pro-tect	sum-mer
calm	sight	church	nee-dles	splen-dor

THE HAP-PY RE-TURN.

Ma-ry and Mar-tha were two sis-ters, who dwelt in a vil-lage near the sea. They were both good girls, and each lov-ed the oth-er so much, that it would have al-most bro-ken their hearts to have been part-ed. Their par-ents were both dead, and their broth-er John was far a-way at sea.

They work-ed hard with their nee-dles, and pray-ed God to pro-tect them, and to bless their la-bor. They nev-er miss-ed go-ing to church, nor ev-er fail-ed to pray for their broth-er's safe re-turn.

One fine sum-mer morn-ing, they went, as they oft-en did, to the beach, to view the sun rise up-on the wa-ter. This is al-ways a grand sight, but this morn-ing they thought the sun seem-ed to

shine with more splen-dor than it had done for the past week.

The sea was calm and still; but though they strain-ed their eyes to see if a-ny ship might be pass-ing by, not a sail was to be seen; and both sigh-ed, as they thought of their broth-er John, and turn-ed to go home.

They had walk-ed a lit-tle way in si-lence, when Mar-tha said, "Dear Ma-ry, I was just think-ing how kind God has al-ways been to us; and was wish-ing that it might please Him to send John home to us this ver-y day. What a day of joy would it then be!"

And such a joy-ous day it was to them both; for no soon-er had they left the beach, than the good ship Ro-ver came in sight of the ver-y spot where they had stood. Her crew had all been paid, and John step-ped on shore with a light heart; his dis-charge was in its tin case, and his pock-et was full of gold. It was, in-deed, a hap-py day for the two af-fec-tion-ate sis-ters.

Will you relate the story of Mary and Martha?

LESSON LII.

rich	shall	hands	place	blank-et
hide	seals	sweet	found	kitch-en
what	thief	might	watch	chim-ney
down	could	sweep	thought	cham-ber

THE LIT-TLE CHIM-NEY SWEEP.

Some time a-go, there was a lit-tle chim-ney sweep, who had to sweep a chim-ney in the house of a ver-y rich la-dy. The lit-tle sweep went up at the kitch-en fire place, and came down in the cham-ber.

When he got in-to the cham-ber, he found him-self all a-lone. He stop-ped a mo-ment to look round up-on the rich things he saw there. As he look-ed on the top of the ta-ble, he saw a fine gold watch, with gold seals to it.

He had nev-er seen a-ny thing so beau-ti-ful be-fore, and he took it up in his hands. As he list-en-ed to hear it tick, it be-gan to play sweet mu-sic. He then thought, that if it was on-ly his own, how rich he would be; and then he thought he might hide it in his blank-et.

"Now," said he, "if I take it, I shall be a thief—and yet no bod-y sees me. No bod-y? Does not God see me? Could I ev-er a-gain be good? Could I then ev-er say my pray-ers a-gain to God? And what should I do when I come to die?"

LESSON LIII.

jail	says	leave	for-got	small-est
fear	steal	would	own-ed	trem-bled
grew	knees	school	al-ways	yes-ter-day
crept	years	thieves	steal-ing	com-mand-ment

MORE A-BOUT THE CHIM-NEY SWEEP.

While the lit-tle sweep was think-ing a-bout tak-ing the la-dy's watch, he felt cold all o-ver, and trem-bled with fear.

"No," said he, "I can not take this watch. I would rath-er be a sweep and al-ways be poor, than steal." And down he laid the watch, and crept up the chim-ney.

Now the la-dy who own-ed the watch was just in the next room, and she could look through, and see and hear all that

pass-ed. She did not say a-ny thing to the boy then, but let him go a-way.

The next day she sent for him, and when he came, she said to him, "Well, my lit-tle friend, why did you not take my watch yes-ter-day?" The lit-tle sweep then fell up-on his knees and told the la-dy all a-bout it.

Now, as the lit-tle sweep did not steal the gold watch, nor tell a-ny sto-ries a-bout it, the la-dy let him stay and live in her house. For ma-ny years she sent him to school, and when he grew up, he be-came a good man, and nev-er for-got the com-mand-ment which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

Had he ta-ken the la-dy's watch, he would have sto-len. Then he would have been sent to jail.

Let no lit-tle boy or girl ev-er take things with-out leave, for it is steal-ing; and they who steal are thieves.

You can not steal the small-est pin, with-out its be-ing a sin, nor with-out be-ing seen by that eye which nev-er sleeps.

LESSON LIV.

soft-ly	good-by	but-ter-fly
col-ors	liv-ing	but-ter-flies

BUT-TER-FLIES.

BUT-TER-FLIES are pret-ty things!
Pret-ti-er than you or I,
See the col-ors on their wings!
Who would hurt a but-ter-fly?

Soft-ly! soft-ly! girls and boys;
He 'll come near us by and by;
Here he is! do n't make a noise!
We 'll not hurt you, but-ter-fly.

Not to hurt a liv-ing thing,
Let all young chil-dren try;
See, a-gain he 's on the wing;
Good-by! pret-ty but-ter-fly!

LESSON LV.

sick	aunt	gone	speak	ei-ther
saw	been	walk	school	dear-ly
road	wide	home	thought	com-ing
hour	hung	while	un-cle	in-stead
house	knew	might	ly-ing	teach-er

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

One day An-na thought she would take a walk, in-stead of go-ing to school. But she saw that her moth-er was watch-ing her from the win-dow.

So she went a-long the road, and turn-ed round the cor-ner that led to the school-house, that her moth-er might think she was go-ing there. Was not this ly-ing?

An-na took a long walk, and came home a-bout the time when the schol-ars came back from school. Her moth-er thought she had been at school; and her teach-er thought she must be sick. So, you see, she de-ceiv-ed them both.

One day while An-na was out, her un-cle, and aunt, and lit-tle cous-in, came to see her moth-er. They liv-ed a great

way off, and did not come ver-y oft-en. They said they were go-ing a-way o-ver the wide o-cean to Eng-land, and did not ex-pect ev-er to come back.

As they were to leave in an hour or two, they wish-ed to see An-na. Her moth-er sent to school for her to come home. Her teach-er sent back word that she was not there, and had not been for two or three days! So her un-cle, and aunt, and cous-in, had to go a-way with-out bid-ding her good-by.

When An-na came home, her moth-er said, "Where have you been, An-na?" The lit-tle girl hung down her head, and did not say a-ny thing; for she saw from her moth-er's look, that she knew all a-bout it.

The wick-ed lit-tle girl was then told that her un-cle, and aunt, and cous-in, had gone a-way with-out see-ing her, and that they were nev-er com-ing back.

An-na cri-ed ver-y much, for she lov-ed them dear-ly, and said she would nev-er a-gain ei-ther act or speak an-oth-er lie.

LESSON LVI.

air	toys	eight	aft-er	be-tween
buy	soon	dodge	sil-ver	skip-ping
soft	sport	bright	mer-ry	throw-ing
whip	broke	gloves	gath-ers	cov-er-ed

THE BRO-KEN WIN-DOW.

GEORGE EL-LET had a fine New Year's gift. What do you think it was? A bright sil-ver dol-lar! A mer-ry boy was George, when he thought of all the fine things he might buy with it. And as soon as the sun be-gan to make the air feel a lit-tle warm, he put on his cap and gloves, and ran in-to the street.

The ground was cov-er-ed with snow, but the sun shone out, and ev-er-y thing look-ed bright. As George went skip-ping a-long, he met some boys who were throw-ing snow-balls. This is fine sport, and George pull-ed off his gloves, and was soon as bu-sy as the rest. See, how he gath-ers up the snow, and press-es it be-tween his hands.

Now he has hit James Ma-son. But

the ball was soft, and James is not hurt. Now he has made an-oth-er ball, and if James does not dodge, George will hit him a-gain. A-way goes the ball! But it miss-ed James, and broke a win-dow on the oth-er side of the street. George was a-fraid that some one would come out of the house and whip him; so he ran off, as fast as he could.

As soon as he got round the next cor-ner, he stop-ped, be-cause he was ver-y sor-ry for what he had done. Just then he saw a man car-ry-ing a box with glass doors, full of pret-ty toys; and as George was on-ly eight years old, he for-got the bro-ken win-dow, and ran aft-er the man.

LESSON LVII.

gift	rang	ought	dol-lar	in-tend
door	glass	wrong	mon-ey	e-nough
once	right	thought	hon-est	morn-ing
mean	threw	scold-ed	beat-en	mis-chief

MORE A-BOUT THE BRO-KEN WIN-DOW.

As George was a-bout to buy a lit-tle house with doors and chim-neys, and

put his hand in his pock-et for the mon-ey, he thought of the bro-ken win-dow. Then he said to him-self, "I have no right to spend this dol-lar for a toy-house. I ought to go back, and pay for the glass I broke with my snow-ball."

So he gave back the house to the toy-man, and turn-ed round. But he was a-fraid of be-ing scold-ed or beat-en, and did not know what to do. He went up and down the street, and felt ver-y bad-ly. He wish-ed to buy some-thing nice with his mon-ey; and he al-so wish-ed to pay for the glass he had bro-ken.

At last he said to him-self, "It was wrong to break the win-dow, al-though I did not mean to do it. I will go and pay the man for it at once. If it takes all my mon-ey, I will try not to be sor-ry; and I do not think the man will hurt me, if I of-fer to pay for the mis-chief I have done." He then start-ed off, and felt much hap-pi-er for hav-ing made up his mind to do what was right.

He rang the door bell; and when the man came out, George said, "Sir, I threw

a snow-ball through your win-dow. But I did not in-tend to do it, and am ver-y sor-ry, and I wish to pay you. Here is the dol-lar my fa-ther gave me as a New Year's gift, this morn-ing."

The man took the dol-lar, and ask-ed George if he had a-ny more mon-ey. George said he had not. "Well," said the man, "this will be e-nough." So aft-er ask-ing George where he liv-ed, and what was his name, he call-ed him an hon-est lad, and shut the door.

LESSON LVIII.

felt	store	years	din-ner	part-ner
rich	knew	would	play-ed	fore-noon
paid	spend	bought	be-came	mer-chant
eyes	thinks	months	want-ed	hon-est-ly

MORE A-BOUT THE BRO-KEN WIN-DOW.

When George had paid the man, he ran a-way, and felt ver-y hap-py, be-cause he had done what he knew to be right. He play-ed ver-y mer-ri-ly all the fore-noon, al-though he had no mon-ey to spend; and went home at din-ner

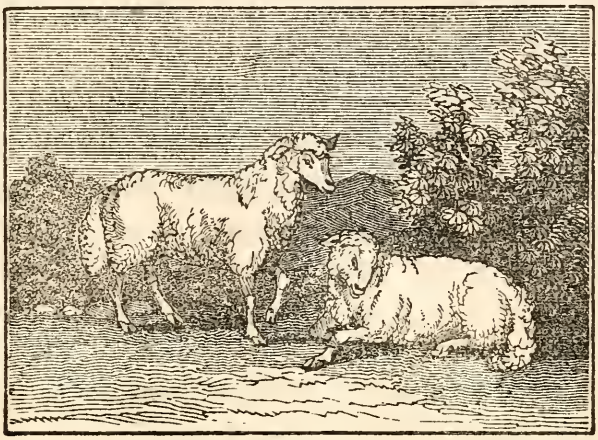
time, with a face as ro-sy, and eyes as bright, as if noth-ing had gone wrong.

At din-ner, Mr. El-let ask-ed George what he had bought with his mon-ey. George ver-y hon-est-ly told him all a-bout the bro-ken win-dow, and said he felt ver-y well, with-out a-ny mon-ey to spend. When din-ner was o-ver, Mr. El-let told George to go and look in his hat.

He did so, and found *two* sil-ver dol-lars. The man, whose win-dow had been bro-ken, had been there, and told George's fa-ther a-bout it. He al-so gave back the dol-lar which George had paid him, and *an-oth-er one* with it.

A few months aft-er that, the man came and told Mr. El-let that he want-ed a good boy to stay in his store, and would like to have George, as soon as he left school, for he was sure that George was an *hon-est boy*. George went to live with this man, who was a rich mer-chant. In a few years he be-came the mer-chant's part-ner, and is now rich. George oft-en thinks of the *bro-ken win-dow*.

Will you relate the whole story of George and the man whose window he broke?



LESSON LIX.

cuts	seems	serve	la-zy	farm-er
coat	brown	fields	dew-y	wool-ly
wool	comes	grows	eat-ing	nip-ping
sheep	spring	clothes	dai-sies	pleas-ant

THE SHEEP.

La-zy sheep, pray tell me why,
In the pleas-ant fields you lie,
Eat-ing grass and dai-sies white,
From the morn-ing till the night?
Ev-er-y thing, can some-thing do,
But of what kind of use are you?

Nay, my lit-tle mas-ter, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, oh, ver-y cold you'd be,
If I did not give it thee.

Sure it seems a pleas-ant thing,
Nip-ping dai-sies in the spring;
But how ma-ny days I pass
On the cold and dew-y grass;
Or I get my din-ner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

Then the farm-er comes at last,
When the mer-ry spring is past,
Cuts my wool-ly coat a-way,
For your clothes in win-try day.
Lit-tle mas-ter, this is why
In the pleas-ant fields I lie.

Of what use are sheep to us? Who made them and gave them to us?

LESSON LX.

well	spell	tricks	on-ly	les-sons
play	trees	grown	lit-tle	get-ting
puss	know	guilt-y	bet-ter	be-cause
mice	catch	read-er	fast-er	wis-dom
what	climb	ad-vice	rea-son	there-fore
which	words	learn-ed	can-not	re-mem-ber

TO LIT-TLE READ-ERS.

WHAT a fine thing it is to read! A lit-tle while a-go, you know, you could on-ly read lit-tle words, and you had to spell them—c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog.

And you have been a long time get-ting through the "First Read-er." But now you can read quite well.

Do you know why you are bet-ter than Puss! Puss can play as well as you, and can run as fast as you, and fast-er too; and she can climb trees bet-ter; and she can catch mice, which you can not do.

But can she talk? No. Can she read? No. Then that is a rea-son why you are bet-ter than Puss; be-cause you can talk and read.

GOOD-BY.

Now, my lit-tle read-er, we have come to the end of the book, and I must bid you good-by. But be-fore we part, let me give you a lit-tle ad-vice.

You are now a lit-tle child; you are but a few years old, and have not much wis-dom. There-fore, al-ways list-en to your teach-er and to your par-ents. They are old-er than you, and they know bet-ter what is for your good.

My lit-tle friend, you must love your par-ents. You should be kind to your teach-ers, and gen-tle to your broth-ers, and sis-ters, and play-fel-lows. Use no hard words; be guilty of no ill-na-tur-ed tricks, and tell no ill-na-tur-ed tales.

Al-ways do to oth-er chil-dren as you wish them to do to you. This is the "Gold-en Rule;" re-mem-ber it in your plays. Act up-on it now, and when you are grown up, do not for-get it.

If you have been a good child, and have learn-ed your les-sons well, you may now have the "Sec-ond Rea-der."

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

Booksellers, Teachers, Parents, and other purchasers of the "Eclectic Educational Series," should be very careful to mention the name of McGUFFEY as the author whose Reading Books are wished for. Thus

McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FIRST READER.
McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC SECOND READER.
McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC THIRD READER.
McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FOURTH READER.
McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC FIFTH READER.

The multiplication of First Readers, Second Readers, &c., at the present day, renders it necessary probable, unless care be exercised to mention the *author* and *title* of the work wanted.

☞ This CAUTION is more necessary from the fact that, recently, since the popularity and sale of McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC READERS have become so extensive in the various sections of the United States, several OLD books have been republished, with the new title of "*Newman's Southern Eclectic Readers*," thus, when "Eclectic Readers" are ordered, without specifying the name of McGUFFEY, as the author, the purchaser *may* be furnished with an entirely different book from the one wished for.

☞ It may be asserted of McGuffey's Eclectic Readers, without fear of just contradiction, that a series of books more admirably contrived to lead the pupil from the elements of speech to the highest point in the art of reading, which the aid of an instructor can avail him in reaching, does not exist in the English language. The eminent qualifications of the author for his work, derived from long and varied experience as an instructor, as well as from inherent qualities of mind — the care, research, and study bestowed on the work — and, lastly, the emphatic approbation so unanimously bestowed on these reading books by the educational public, are evidence of the truth of this assertion.